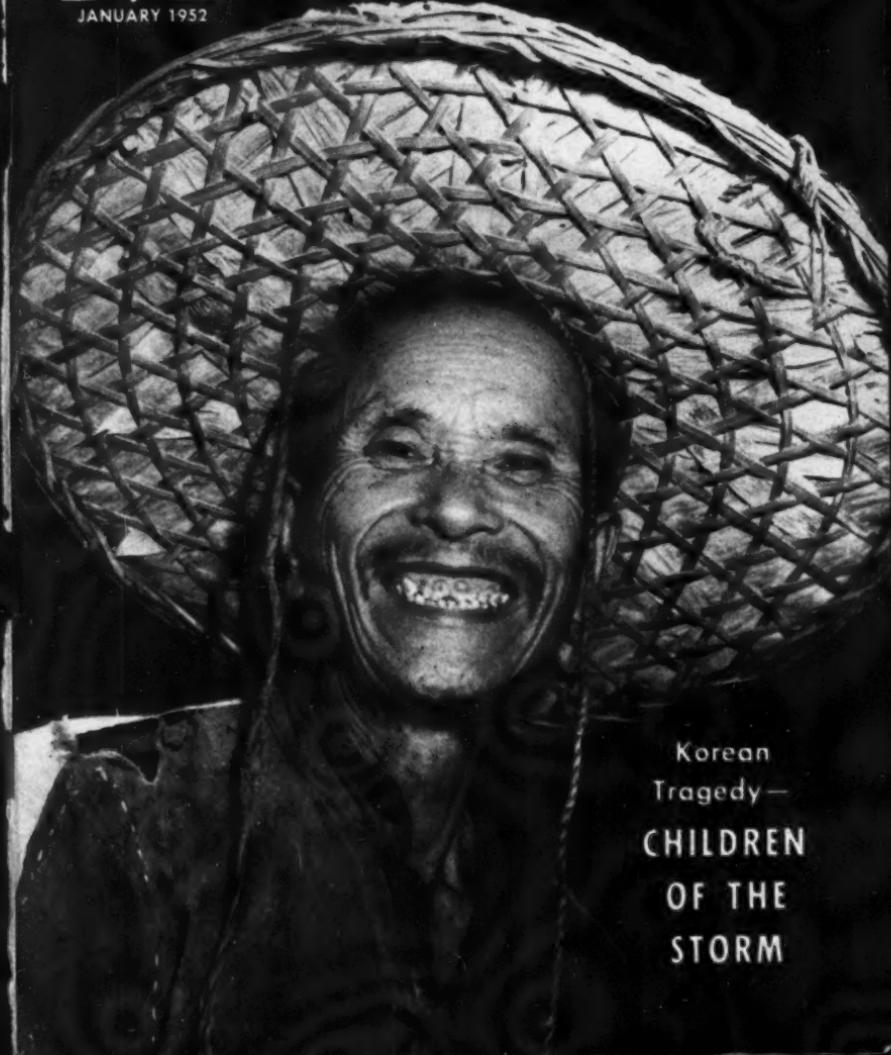


THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll

JANUARY 1952



Korean
Tragedy—
**CHILDREN
OF THE
STORM**

EXPECTATION! Young Mexico welcomes the three Wise Men — a glass of water apiece, a basin for their camels. He puts out his pair of shoes much as children in many other lands do their Christmas stockings.









Father McClear introduces his Indians to a sheep with extra long wool

The Sun Shines Bright

A broad smile from
Detroit flashes through
the Cuchumatanes Mountains

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS

MARIA VICENTE was twelve years old when she died — a pretty, black-haired, smiling child. Her death made little difference to the world. Twelve-year-old children die every day. The sad part of

Maria's story is that she need not have died if her father had had but ten dollars.

A death in Maria's family started the chain of events. Vicente, her father, had to borrow ten dollars to pay for the funeral. To repay this debt, Vicente had to leave his home in the Cuchumatanes Mountains of Guatemala, and go down to the coastal lowlands, to work in a banana *finca*. Maria went along to cook her father's tortillas.

Seventy-five per cent of the mountain people who go to the

coast, return home with either malaria or tuberculosis. Maria was no exception—she brought home both diseases. For a little while, the mountain air seemed to help her. Then her liver became infected, and she died.

Maria's story is the story of thousands of Indians of Guatemala. It is a story that few know, and even fewer care about. But there is one man who heard Maria's story and resolved that it would not be repeated. He is Father Edmund McClear, an energetic, athletic missioner from Royal Oak, Michigan.

Father McClear's mission center is a backward, dirty little town, set 8,000 feet up in the Cuchumatanes, and named Saloma, which means "The Tree by the Lagoon." The tree and the lagoon have long since disappeared, along with any glory that Saloma might have had. The original parish church collapsed during an earthquake about a century ago, burying hundreds of Indians in its ruins. The successor to that church is ready to collapse, too, and Father McClear is busy making repairs on it.

Father McClear's territory contains 40,000 people, a typical Guatemalan parish. It includes four towns (San Juan, San Mateo, San Eulalia, and Barrillos), each having

seven to twelve *aldeas*, or Indian villages. With the exception of a few ladinos in the four towns, the people are pure Indians. It is impossible to go anywhere in the area with-

out climbing or descending mountains. Because of the altitude, physical exertion is very tiring. Despite this, Father

McClellan must make eight and nine hour sick calls on horseback.

Although the map shows Saloma to be in the tropics, it is unusually cold and damp, often being hidden in clouds. Sometimes ice forms overnight in the courtyard *pila*.

When Father McClellan arrived in Saloma, there was a great deal of *costumbre*, involving superstitious worship, going on. Now the medicine men have almost entirely disappeared. In 1947, Father McClellan distributed a total of 1,000 Communions. Three years later, the total was more than 30,000.

The people of Saloma are poor. The average family gets about \$56 in cash income a year, and this means mother, father, and children working. The people live largely on a diet of tortillas, eggs, and the 27 kinds of herbs they gather on the mountain slopes. They eat meat about once a week. They grow corn for their tortillas, and they keep a few chickens and pigs. The

better-off among the Indians have sheep. An occasional farmer owns a mule or horse, which he uses to carry supplies for a daily wage of about forty cents.

The health of the Indians, as long as they remain in the mountains, is fairly good. They suffer from minor complaints, particularly from bad teeth. The most dread disease for adults is pneumonia; for children, the most common is worms. There is considerable eye trouble in the area; a large number of serious accidents caused by using the machete; and plenty of malaria and tuberculosis, brought back by workers from the coast.

Father McCleary's work in the highlands is twofold: spiritual and physical. He is meeting with considerable success, largely because of hard work. His day begins at six in the morning and ends at ten at night. During that time he and his three full-time catechists are kept busy. The catechist Mateo, and his son, Andres, go to the various *aldeas*, preparing the grown-ups for marriage, neglected during long years, and the children for their First Communions. The Padre builds on the family principle. A two-week course in doctrine is given a man and woman before they are married. The catechists live right in the *aldea* during this time. Usually a number of couples are under instruction at once. They are married in a joint ceremony. Bride and groom are given little pins to wear. The grooms get Holy Year pins, on which are engraved a picture of the Holy Father. The

brides are given buttons commemorating the Guatemala Eucharistic Congress. Father McCleary had picked up surplus supplies of these pins in Guatemala City. His people are very proud of them, and the wearers have created a new social class in Saloma.

Baptisms also keep the Padre busy. He averages about 3,000 baptisms a year. On some fiestas he records as many as 400 baptisms in a single day.

Sick calls are always breaking up his schedule. When a mountain Indian dies, the survivors want the blessing of the Church, and the tolling of the church bells as the funeral party proceeds to the cemetery. Shortly after his arrival, Father McCleary announced that the bells would not be tolled for the deceased unless he was notified as soon as the person became ill. Now even a headache will bring a summons for the priest.

This means many false alarms, adds many extra hours in the saddle. But Father McCleary says that reaching the many people who would otherwise die without a priest is well worth the extra effort.

It is in the field of social charity that Father McCleary devotes considerable time. He has a clinic which is open every day. He treats all sorts of sundry ills, and conducts a dental business that could be the envy of many an American dentist. For the price of two eggs (which help pay for the novocain), Father McCleary will pull your tooth. The first year he opened his dental clinic, he kept track of the

number of teeth pulled, by putting the extractions in a large jar. At the end of the year he had more than 700 teeth. Now he just pulls the teeth without keeping count.

One of the most memorable things that this writer saw in Saloma was the group of people, all of whom were once blind, who now go about their tasks, their sight restored. Father McClear found a large number of Indians suffering from a virulent form of cataracts. They were blind and useless. He discussed the situation with a world-famous specialist in Guatemala City. The doctor told him how to make a simple test that would show whether an operation might restore the sight. The doctor offered to operate on anyone Father McClear sent him, without charge. With the help of some friends in Guatemala City, a little house was rented. There Father sent his sick and blind. One by one, they received treatment, and one by one, returned home, cured.

Another type of long-range work is equally impressive. He has opened an industrial school to train the mountain women, and help them

to earn some cash for emergencies such as the one that cost Maria Vicente's life. He buys wool from the Indians, pays other Indians to clean and spin it. Then at the school it is woven into beautiful rugs. Each rug contains 3,000 hand knots per square foot. The nap runs from $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch to $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length. The rugs will last a lifetime. They are sold to the tourist trade in Guatemala. He has also started the women weaving place mats and coasters out of straw braid. Recently the school received an order from the Marshall Field store in Chicago, for some items.

In the realm of agriculture, Father has introduced a new wheat and a better fertilizer. He runs an experimental farm that sets an example for his Indians.

Father McClear has many plans for the future. He hopes that some day none of the people of Saloma will ever need to go down to the coast to earn money. His enterprises pay fine dividends already. His Saloma parish has so many practicing Catholics that it is ready to be divided into three. All Saloma needs is more priests.



THE SALOMA STORY

FRIENDS of Maryknoll who are interested in Father McClear's work in Saloma will soon be able to see a film presentation of the work done there. Called "The Story of Juan Mateo," it relates the reaction of mountain boy, Juan Mateo, to the arrival of the missioner, and the latter's impact on Saloma. The picture is filmed in color and it presents many of the beauties of picturesque Guatemala. Copies in 16 mm., sound, will be available this month. Write to: The Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll P.O., New York.



First the Bride, Then the Broom

BY JOHN F. CURRAN

■ CHAN KIT WING found that life can get complicated when an unemployed man wishes to get married. Chan had a job last year as a teacher in the mission school. However, due to difficulties imposed by the Reds, we were unable to hire him for the next semester. Instead, we decided to give him an opportunity to learn more doctrine, in hopes of using him as a catechist.

One morning Father Fedders was talking with Kit Wing about his marriage plans. Mere mention of the subject fluttered Kit Wing. He explained that one of his classmates had acted as middleman in making the arrangements with the family of the prospective bride in the time-honored Chinese fashion. His classmate had given Kit Wing quite a build-up to the girl and her family. He had told how Kit Wing was a teacher in the school at the mission, holding down a very responsible and respectable position. All of this was true during the initial stages of the arrangements.

But later Kit Wing had descended

the ladder and had become only a student. His prospect of employment was contingent and by no means immediate. Kit Wing's blush took on a brighter hue as he told Father Fedders that the middleman had arranged for the family of the bride to visit the school, to see Kit Wing, and to examine his status, before making the final arrangements.

Now, one of the things that doctrine students must do is to keep the classrooms of the school in a tidy condition. And this caused Kit Wing's problem.

"Father," he blurted out, "I don't want you to think that I am proud, or that I want to put on face. But after the build-up my classmate gave me I'm afraid I'll lose much face if my bride's family ever comes in during the working hour. So I wonder, Father, if you will excuse me from sweeping until the engagement is settled."

Of course we obliged. With Kit Wing, it was definitely a case of first the bride, then the broom.

Tons of clothing from Catholic
War Relief go to the refugees.





Maria smiles in wonderment as she receives a warm garment from America.

CHILDREN of the STORM

■ KOREA is a little smaller than the combined states of New York and Pennsylvania. If about a million soldiers should fight for more than a year in New York and Pennsylvania — moving now south, now north, now south, now north — what would happen to your happy home, were it caught somewhere

along the way of opposing armies?

If you had a wife and six children and, in fear of your lives, the whole family of you suddenly quit, say, Ogdensburg, New York, and journeyed afoot, with thousands of other refugees, through valleys and mountains down to, say, York, Pennsylvania, in what condition

COLOR PHOTOS BY GEORGE M. CARROLL



would you be when you got there? If your possessions totaled only what you could carry on your backs, how much would you own by the time you reached York?

In the wild upset of war, how would you feed your youngsters? In the savage cold of a mountainous winter, how would you keep them warm?

However rugged such an experience would prove in a war-swept America, a little reflection reveals that it must be far from fraught with hardship in a poverty-stricken land like Korea. Let us imagine that Mr. Kim, with his spouse and a half dozen children, represents you, Mr. John Malone of Ogdensburg, and your brood.

What was the journey like? Let Father Patrick O'Connor, a Columban Missionary who traveled with the American army, describe what he saw.

He writes, "Our headlights showed unending lines of Korean civilians walking in single file on both sides of the icy road, heading southward. They walked silently through the dark, a procession of patient misery. There were mothers with infants wrapped onto their backs and bulky bundles on their heads, bent old men and fathers carrying household goods on wooden frames resting on their shoulders, and with here and there a baby sleeping uneasily on the top of the pile. Families with four or five children plodded steadily up the hilly road. We saw a young man carrying an old woman. Later we saw groups sitting on the hard



Msgr. George M. Carroll (above) substitutes for the missing Bishop Flynn, as representative of the Holy See. Exhumed bodies in the pit (below) baffle the fate of Catholics and other special enemies of the Reds.



snow, resting after the mountain climb, and building fires of straw.

"We were to see these endless lines of refugees along most of our route to Wonju. Nobody obliged these countless thousands to leave their homes on this bitter night. It was their own spontaneous wish and their wordless and terrible indictment of the communist rule they had recently experienced."

Kim and his family trudged over the last hill in Indian file. Mama had baby tied to her back and used a tree branch to support her failing legs. The children were stoically silent, except the next to the youngest, aged six, who cried piteously, for she was ready to drop from exhaustion. Shoes were worn through, clothes were in rags, supplies of every kind had been abandoned to lighten the dismal trek. Only a few very precious things remained on the shoulders of Kim and his two oldest boys.

"Food!" Kim cried as his group came to a settlement. "A drink of water!"

South Korean government officials were there to receive him, not as smoothly efficient as would be a U.S. Red Cross team but doing nicely. Hot rice and drink were ready, and Kim was given a job.

What about a roof? Every small house is made to serve for several families; Kim and his wife and children were crowded into a tiny corner, but it provides protection. Clothes? An American Padre then entered the picture; he represents N.C.W.C. War Relief Services, the Catholic organization that has shipped tons and tons of cast-off clothing across the Pacific.

One of Kim's little girls soon became ill. He carried her to nearby Pusan, and there at the dispensary of the Maryknoll Sisters, the famed doctor, Sister Mercy, treated her. More than a thousand cases are handled every day by these American Sisters.

Kim and his family are Catholics from Pyongyang, the former center of the Maryknoll Fathers in North Korea. These priests now labor with others in South Korea. Some seventy-five Catholic priests and six bishops have been taken by the Communists thus far, while hundreds of churches and institutions have been destroyed. Yet Kim and his family find a place for Mass.

Korea's twenty million inhabitants are being scourged as few peoples on earth have been. Christian charity bids us aid those pitiful children of the storm.

The Church in Wartime Korea

Catholics at outbreak
of hostilities . . . 181,776

Priests 252

Brothers 37

Sisters 482

Priests and religious killed
or missing . . . 75

Bishops killed
or missing . . . 6





Thousands of children without kin, homeless, hungry,
cold, badly clothed, have been found in Korea's ruins.
This UN officer is shipping a group south to an orphanage.



Old Joseph Reaps in Exile

BY R. RUSSELL SPRINKLE

But he knew that the child of God is never away from home.

■ OLD JOSEPH WORDS-OF-WISDOM's legs had started to swell; it was for him a definite sign that he would never see the rice cut that even now made the fields green and beautiful. Eighty rice harvests had come and gone. Two stalwart sons and many grandchildren filled Joseph's home with the uproar that gladdens an old man's heart in the Orient. But he knew the sands of his life were running out.

The cold fear of death had vanished since he had learned that baptism would make him a child of God. "Soon Father Moffett will baptize me," he murmured.

But then the blow fell, on the saddest day the people of Dove Nest had ever known. All the villagers stood around watching. A few of the more hardy souls lent a hand with the packing, as the mission catechists carefully wrapped up all the doctrine books in mosquito netting, and meticulously

folded a thin, worn blanket about the hard, brick-like pillows. Rice bowls, vegetable chopper, hatchet, and chopsticks were tied together, making two bundles of equal weight, so that they could be carried in two baskets suspended from a pole and carried on the shoulder.

Some of the people whisked away tears as the last good-bys were said to the mission catechists. Those doctrine teachers had been sent by the priests after the people of Dove Nest Village had indicated in writing their desire to become children of God and heirs of heaven. The catechists had won the hearts of all, teaching the children by day, and the oldsters at night after the work in the rice fields had been done for the day.

Only a few days before the sad departure, the people of Dove Nest Village had welcomed Father Moffett.

After Mass the next morning a

banquet had been laid for all. Then Father Moffett had donned surplice and stole and made the rounds, blessing the simple homes of Dove Nest Village. One and all, big and little, mud or brick, tile-covered or straw thatched, the houses had been garnished as for a huge wedding. Dirt floors had been swept immaculate: all superstitious hangings and scrolls, dust-covered spirit tablets and ancestor shrines, had gone out along with the dirt and cobwebs.

On that joyful morning the people of Dove Nest had thought that it would be only a few more weeks before they could become members of the Mystical Body of Christ. But as they watched the catechists disappear, all hope of early baptism vanished.

Father Moffett had been arrested and taken away to prison. The Communists had decreed that all teaching of Christian doctrine must stop, and that their spiritual Father could not come to them even when they were sick or in danger of dying.

Two months went by. Father Moffett was finally released, but no permission was given to resume his mission work.

Paul, a relative of Mr. Words-of-Wisdom, came from a neighboring Catholic village for a visit one day. Mr. Words-of-Wisdom promptly seized the opportunity to dispatch him pronto to the mission to summon the Spiritual Father. Paul hot-

footed it to the mission — only to find that Father Moffett could not secure permission to travel beyond the mission gate. He told Paul to baptize Words-of-Wisdom, and to arrange, if possible, to bring the old man to the mission where he could make his First Communion and receive the Last Sacraments.

A family council was held after Paul had baptized Mr. Words-of-Wisdom with a name of his own choice, Joseph. A few days later Joseph mounted a little Mongolian pony and set out for the mission. When he arrived, the Communist authorities permitted him to go inside the mission.

Father Moffett, thinking that a cure was possible, arranged to have the old man sent to the episcopal city of Wuchow. However, it was too late. In the hospital, he grew steadily worse. He wanted to go home so that he could once more see the rice harvest, but the doctor advised against the move.

Father Reilly, the pastor in Wuchow, took Holy Communion to him, confirmed him one day, and finally anointed him. The pagans in the ward with Joseph, the non-Christian nurses and doctors thought it sad that the old patriarch should die among strangers. That was no way for such a venerable patriarch to die.

Joseph, however, was happy. Was he not now a child of God?

An Idea For 1952

Make Maryknoll a beneficiary on your insurance policy. Tell your insurance agent you want to make Maryknoll a contingent beneficiary. That means Maryknoll will receive the insurance money only if your first beneficiary dies before you.



"Furuya Saga" — The modest and cultured leader of Kyoto, under whom Maryknollers labor in Japan, is fast becoming a saga among his people, for the rare effectiveness with which he preaches Christ. Most Rev. Paul Yoshiyuki Furuya was consecrated Bishop of Kyoto on September 21, 1951.

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THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Who could foresee, when Maryknoll priests first went to China, in 1918, a China completely dominated by communism? Who could foretell that all missionaries would be expelled? War and ideologies have caused some of the oldest of the foreign-mission societies to seek and to accept missions among peoples whom they had never expected to evangelize. Thus the misfortune of one nation becomes the blessing of another.

The new day in Asia has brought likewise many changes in the technique of mission work. Formerly it was thought necessary for a society to have "territory," to have jurisdiction over a certain area over which one of the members of the society would rule as prefect or vicar apostolic. Today many mission societies are working under native-born bishops, who allow the "foreign" missionaries sufficient freedom of action to exercise their particular genius for evangelization. So rapidly has this radical change taken place that over one half of the Maryknoll priests now overseas are working under native, non-Maryknoll ordinaries.

This arrangement has many advantages. It is much more agreeable to local political authorities. It pleases the native peoples. It encourages them to foster their own

vocations, and thus speeds the time when the local Church becomes self-sufficient in personnel — the ultimate aim of all foreign-mission work. The arrangement emphasizes the temporary status of the "foreign" missionary and reminds him that he must be "on his toes" to bring about the self-sufficiency of the native Church. Last, but not least, it enables the foreign group to retire temporarily or permanently, in case of serious conflict between the respective countries.

On a recent visitation, I was very pleased to have every member of a mission group, comprising nearly thirty individuals, express the desire to have their native ordinary consecrated bishop. It is a tribute to the man's character and ability, and an evidence of their own catholic spirit.

This present date finds one hundred and thirty of our Maryknoll priests, assisted by a goodly number of Maryknoll Brothers and Sisters, at work in Latin America. Although portions of Latin America are not technically mission country, there is a great lack of priests everywhere there. May many more North American priests help to supply the need!





Father Price and the Schoolbook

The yen to save all men must be
in Catholic America's bloodstream.

Both of Maryknoll's Founders, Bishop Walsh and Father Price, desired very much to see the Church's teaching on the world apostolate integrated into the Catholic teaching of young and old, in the classroom and the pulpit.

At Maryknoll a small group of priests and Sisters operate our Publications and Mission Education Department, thus seeking to provide America's priests, teachers, and parents with aids for bringing home to America's Catholic millions Christ's teachings on the salvation of all men. Through the Maryknoll Bookshelf our literature, teacher aids, and other specialties get to the public. The following paragraphs on mission education were written by Father Price.

■ I WONDER how many of us realize what is contained in the assertion that mission education . . . is a necessity, a duty, not a work of supererogation.

The Church, humanly speaking, cannot possibly carry out its mission effectually, except that our people co-operate with her to the fullest extent. But our people cannot pos-

sibly give this co-operation unless they are educated to realize the appalling need, and trained to the fullest mission effort. There is only one possible way to get our American people to realize the appalling need, and that is by giving them mission education and training.

How is this to be done? The subject matter of the lessons themselves can be turned into a missionary lesson.

Is there any reason why, when teaching about God and the soul, we cannot parallel that teaching with a knowledge of the woeful ignorance of the countless pagans and others in this regard, and in what a fearful plight they are because of this ignorance?

When we teach of the immeasurable graces God in His mercy has poured out upon us, is there any reason why we should not also teach the terrible destitution of countless pagans who have never even heard the name of Christ? And when we teach God's commandments, is there any reason why we

should not teach that two thirds of the human race are ignorant of these commandments? If we did this, we should be laying, indeed, the deepest foundation for the mission formation of our pupils.

Take history.

What is history, both Bible and profane, properly taught, but a mission lesson to the effect of events on the

human race over a period of time?

And geography. There is hardly a part of the earth's surface where the Church has not done mission work. If the story of the mission work in each particular place is dwelt upon — the hardships, the successes, and the failures of the priests and Sisters connected with the work — who does not see how interesting geography would be?

Now as to spelling, and reading, and writing, and composition. Is there any reason why we cannot include graded mission words for spelling, as well as the secular words we now use? Any reason why we cannot include properly graded mission reading? Any reason why we could not include missionary subjects in our compositions?

Some may imagine that it would be impossible to get any mission formation out of mathematics, but that is not true. I know of an arithmetic, for example, intended for country schools, that makes up every problem of something in country life, and it is said to be the most effective arithmetic ever pro-

duced for country schools. Can we not employ the idea similarly for the salvation of souls?

If this mission education in theory and practice goes on constantly during the eight or ten years the

children are in our hands, at the end of that period, our children will have received a mission formation for life, of which

nothing will ever deprive them. If we do this, the coming generation will be a generation of missionaries.

In the second place, the knowledge imparted should be accompanied by action — practical missionary co-operation. If we cannot do more, we can at least get our pupils to pray for the countless needs of the mission work about which we study. Earnest prayer for mission needs is an efficacious expression that is bound to produce a mission formation and sooner or later burst into action.

The adoption and fostering of mission education in our educational system is by all odds the most important matter before the American Church today and contains the real solution of all our mission problems at home and abroad. When our whole educational system adopts mission education as a duty and not a charity, and carries it out to its fullest completion and efficacy, we may look to see the American Church the foremost missionary Church of the world.

Every Day of 1952

Maryknollers at home and over seas will pray for all our bene-factors both living and dead. This is our best expression of gratitude to you.



MOTHER

"It couldn't have happened to a better Mom!" said Francis when he read the telegram.

PHOTOS: ELMER OGAWA FROM "SCENE"

■ THERESA MATSUDAIRA may speak only a little English, but the language of her heart was so eloquent that fame reached into her rambling house in Seattle, Washington. The National Catholic Conference on Family Life gave her the award, "Catholic Mother of the Year," a recognition given for good family spirit and devotion to Christian principles in the home.

This Japanese woman is the mother of 13 children, 12 of whom are living. She is a devout and unassuming woman, whose family life so impressed a visitor that she was nominated for the national honor.

"Here is a wonderful example of family unity," said Maryknoll's Father George D. Haggerty, pastor of Our Lady, Queen of Martyrs Church. Mrs. Matsudaira was baptized there by another Maryknoller, Father John C. Murrett, who is now stationed in Kyoto, Japan. Her husband became a Catholic in 1942.

MARYKNOLL

of the YEAR

Father Haggerty had this to say of the Matsudairas: "They are outstanding in courtesy, kindness, and unselfishness. And so very American in their buoyant life — it's a lively, noisy, busy family. They have fun among themselves, and the welcome mat is always out for all the children's friends. The place bursts at the seams with real living. This home is a happy one — poor in this world's goods, but its members have a wonderful faith. Mrs. Matsudaira sets the tone."

A visitor to the Matsudaira home remarked: "You get a happy family feeling the moment you start up

the cement steps toward the roomy frame house set among big trees.

"A baby face (Stephen) peeks around a curtain to greet you with the broadest of friendly smiles. Two teen-age boys dash across the porch. One calls: 'She'll be right back. Make yourself at home.'

"Through a side bay window, you see a pile of fresh-laundered clothes — lots of them — by a sewing machine. In a tidy grove in the back yard, is a charming, irregular pool containing eight huge goldfish. Beside the pool rises a stone shrine where Our Lady presides serenely.

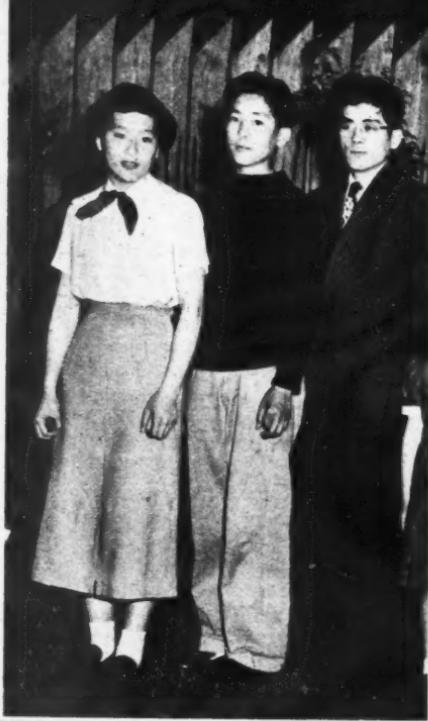
"Indoors, all is happy, organized

Mrs. Matsudaira hoards moments from a busy life, for work in her garden.





Only a mother could appreciate how much sewing and mending (above) it takes to keep up with the clothing needs of such a huge family (right).



Skillful planning and many hours over a hot stove (below) are needed to make the skimpy family budget stretch to satisfy the many hungry Matsudairas.





confusion. Eight of the nine sons and all three daughters live there. Michael, 26, lives nearby with his wife and son. Mike is a language major at the University of Washington. John, 28, works for the Veterans

Administration and Francis, 21, is a postal clerk. The three oldest sons served in the Army in World War II: John with the 442nd Regimental Combat Team in Italy, and Mike and Francis the Pacific.



Maryknoll's Fathers Murphy and Haggerty knew that the mother of a large family was too used to surprises to let a testimonial banquet disturb her poise.

All the children except Ida were born in Seattle, where Thomas Matsudaira brought his bride from Japan in 1921.

Until a few weeks ago, Mr. Matsudaira worked most nights in a restaurant. Now he keeps daytime hours at a jewelry store.

Mrs. Matsudaira is definitely a society woman; she is a long-standing member of the very select society of daily communicants. She is also a member of the Altar Society and the Queen Society of Queen of Martyrs Parish. It is under the auspices of the Queen Society that she conducts her catechetical work, visiting the Japanese of Seattle in their homes and in hospitals. Mrs.

Matsudaira is doing her share to give people a bit of heaven with the fragrance of cherry blossoms. Besides her husband and her thirteen children, Theresa Matsudaira — a convert herself — has brought into the Church enough converts to make up a small parish.

Except for her church interests, Mrs. Matsudaira is completely absorbed in the problems of rearing her family. It was a typically busy morning when she received the telegram from New York announcing the award.

Later that day Francis translated the telegram for his mother. "It couldn't have happened to a nicer mom," was Francis' comment.



Well-wishers from all over the country overwhelmed Mrs. Matsudaira with a flood of letters and telegrams, after newspapers carried the account of the award.

Every Man's House a Christian Home

BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE

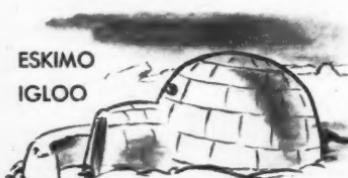
■ ONCE, while among a primitive tribe in the Congo, I crawled into a brand-new house in one of the



INDIAN
TEPEE

villages. "Crawled" is the exact word, since the door was less than two feet high, and the ceiling inside was hardly four. There were no windows, and hence the hut was completely dark when the door was closed. It seemed little better than the lairs of the beasts in the nearby African forests.

"How," I asked myself, "could the young husband who built this



house make it a Christian home?"

This is a good question for every

continent on the globe. It is a practical question for many a flat in the slums of American and European cities. It applies to the wretched hovels in the jungles and on the mountains of South America. It applies to the dwellings of millions of people in Japan, Korea, China, India, and the lands of the Middle



EAST
AFRICAN
GRASS HUT

East. It applies to a great percentage of the primitive structures of Africa and Oceania.

Of course, a man can live a good life in almost any kind of habitation. Nevertheless, for a house to do everything for a family that it should, for a house to be a true sanctuary in which to develop an ideal Catholic family, it must be more than a physical structure: it must be a *home*.

What should a man's dwelling do for him?

First, it must provide shelter.

Food, clothing, and shelter are the three elementary physical needs. The shelter shields against heat, cold, the elements. Without such shelter, men could not inhabit the greater portion of the earth. Secondly, a dwelling should provide protection for the person and for property. Every dwelling is to a degree a man's fortress against harm. Thirdly, a dwelling is a haven and a refuge. It gives privacy



of life, an atmosphere for comfort, that cannot be found outside.

Fourthly, a dwelling must be a sanctuary for the development of a Christian family. In short, it must be a home; that is, a house of complete community of life, of joy, of inspiration, of affection, of thought, of study, of prayer, for each individual and for the little group



MOUNTAIN CABIN



as a whole, who dwell within it.

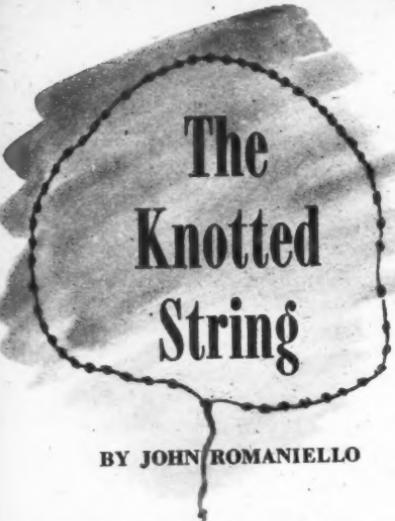
Can an Indian tepee, an Eskimo igloo, an East African grass hut, a Zulu hovel, serve as the ideal Catholic home?

We must be a little slow to condemn any particular type of residence as not fit to be a home. Yet I recall walking with a priest amid wretched one-room hovels hardly a dozen feet square in the lowlands of Ecuador one day, and hearing him say: "Life tends to be sordid here. You can't expect promising candidates for the priesthood, postulants for the convent, faithful and good fathers and mothers when there is a



lack of fit dwellings that could become true homes."

This is an enormously important consideration, if we are going to make the world Christian. Christianity is a society of families. We must provide dwellings properly apt to become Christian homes.



The Knotted String

BY JOHN ROMANIELLO

■ LITE, a young Chinese, came to the Catholic mission in Kweilin and said, "I want to see the Spiritual Father." The gatekeeper led him to the priest.

"My name is Lite, Father, and I have come to register for the inquiry class."

"Very good," replied the priest.

"Father," began Lite, "four months ago I was very sick. I was taken to the hospital where I spent three months in bed. While I was recovering, I couldn't sleep and mentioned this to the doctor.

"There is nothing wrong with you," said the doctor, and added: "I'll suggest a remedy. If it appeals to you, try it."

"In his afternoon visit to the ward, the doctor came to my bed, Father, and handed me a card with words on it and a knotted string.

"Learn the words by heart," explained the doctor, "and say these words on each knot, until all the knots are used up — then you may

start over again if you so desire."

"It seemed a childish thing to do, but as the doctor had been good to me and I liked him a great deal, I decided to follow his suggestion. It was early afternoon when I began to memorize the words, and since they were few, I got them down without difficulty. That night when the hospital lights went out, I began to say the words and slip my fingers along the knotted piece of string. I did this but a few times when I fell fast asleep and rested comfortably. It was the first time in three months that I had gone to sleep so easily. I was very happy.

"During the rest of my stay in the hospital, I had no further conversation with my friend the doctor after he discovered that the remedy worked. He was busy with more serious cases, and I was on the mend.

"It was not until the day of my leaving the hospital that he took me aside and told me that I ought to call on a Catholic priest. Well, here I am."

"Have you the string and card with you?" inquired the priest.

"Yes, Father, I have. I've kept up the practice ever since."

Lite reached into his pocket and drew out the card and string. These he presented to the priest. The Spiritual Father told him that the words on the card were a prayer, the *Hail Mary*, and that the knotted string was called a rosary cord.

"Well, Lite," said the Father, "the doctor introduced you to Mary, and she in turn is introducing you to her Son."



FATHER FRITZ
Pastor



MSGR. DANEHY
Mission Superior

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**How does a missioner convince
his people that it's later than they think?**

RACE AGAINST TIME

BY JOSEPH G. COSGROVE

■ CONVERTING JAPAN is much like running a long-distance race, according to Father Leo J. Steinbach, a tall, middle-aged, prematurely gray-haired Maryknoll Missioner from Iowa. Since 1945, that race has been on.

Father Steinbach planned his missionary strategy, pinning his hopes on two tried and proven factors: the poor and the children.

"Before I left America in the winter of 1946," Father Steinbach told me, "I knew that the Japanese people would be in great need of food and clothing. I begged and brought over as much as I could."

In the more than two hundred villages where Father Leo has been dispensing the charity of God, he has assuredly prepared the way for future conversions.

From his past experiences as a missioner in Korea, Father Leo realized that people who get something for nothing aren't apt to appreciate the gift half as well as those who make some sacrifice. He gave

away used clothing and cloth. In return he begged vegetables and other farm produce, which he gave away to destitute city-dwellers in Kyoto. Next he concentrated on the children.

He saw the post-war devaluation of Shintoism as leaving the people, especially the children, in a religious void. The government-sponsored, Shinto-shrine cult had been an integral part of Japanese education for many years. Father Leo hoped to plug this void by introducing the teachings of the Church. To attain his objective, he utilized the volunteer services of many young Catholics.

After partaking of the evening meal, Father Leo takes his battery of teachers in a mud-streaked, ex-Army vehicle; they are dropped off in villages on the outskirts of the cities along the route. Children are assembled in a public hall or an abandoned Shinto shrine or Buddhist temple, and given simple catechetical lessons.

"Wherever my helpers and I have inaugurated these classes," Father Leo related, "we do not entertain prospects for immediate conversions. Guess you'd call it the long-range method. We simply hammer away at Catholic doctrine, night after night. We use every known, modern method of visual education. Many of the youngsters, after three or four years of catechism lessons, have more than enough knowledge for the reception of baptism. Our aim, however, is so to imbue them with the Church's teachings and Catholic traditions that, when they become of age, they will enter of their own accord."

Father Leo goes after entire villages — not just handfuls of children here and there. He always seeks and generally gets the full support of the village mayor.

"Time was," he chuckled modestly, "when I had to use a name card to introduce myself. But I guess my truck and appearance have by now become part of the horizon."

"You don't baptize any of these children?" I inquired.

"That's not exactly true," he answered. "In the cases of many children who have the expressed and written consent of their parents, and who have put in a long and thorough course of study, I administer baptism. You see, I'm mainly concerned with long-range tactics. The Catholic religion is the answer to the fundamental religious needs of the Japanese people. It's our job to meet their urgent needs."

Matsuko, a 17-year-old girl, is an example. She had spent many hours

listening to Catholic lectures and studying the doctrine. After two years, her father still refused to give his consent for baptism. In the third year, he secretly studied and digested the substance of Catholic doctrine books, wondering what the attraction of Catholicism was, that had so enveloped his daughter. Seeing Matsuko bless herself before meals, he started to do so himself. When he became seriously ill, he called for Father Steinbach. To the missioner's amazement, Matsuko's father had a complete understanding of Catholic doctrine; his faith was simple and intense. He asked that he might be received into the Church and baptized, together with his daughter.

During the evening doctrine classes in the various villages, Father Steinbach finds that many of the parents are present; they sit quietly in the background.

"The adults, however," Father Leo told me, "don't seem greatly anxious to be received into the Church. Still, they manifest a lot of good will, and appear well disposed. It doesn't take a great amount of persuasion to convince them of the truth and universal message of Catholicism. But they are too busy earning a livelihood, and too afraid of being different from their neighbors, to take an active interest in becoming Catholics. Hence, I concentrate on the young."

I was very curious to learn the motive that impelled so many young Japanese to devote their evenings to spreading the Faith. "What makes them so eager and so zealous?

What do they hope to obtain?" I asked.

Father Leo smiled before giving his answer. His smile made me feel that I should have known the answers without questions.

"First," he replied slowly, "they want to spread the kingdom of God. At the moment, my young helpers and I are teaching doctrine to fifteen hundred poor boys and girls throughout rural Kyoto. My teachers tell me, for example, that teaching religion helps to give them self-reliance and poise, which aid them in their everyday life."

"But that's not the real reason explaining their zeal," Father Leo continued. "You see, my helpers resemble the Communists, in a sense. They are convinced in their hearts that it is not enough to be a Christian. They feel duty-bound to impart their own knowledge of Catholic teaching, and their own intense faith, to other people. They would be shocked if you praised them. You see, according to their understanding of the lay apostolate, their action is not in the least extraordinary, or anything more than is demanded of any Catholic."

When I heard the complete story of Father Steinbach's begging operations in behalf of the poor, I was

truly amazed. Large and small businessmen of Japan have come to realize that Father Leo's efforts for their own people have no strings attached. One policy Father Leo

has always employed has been to get the merchants or their assistants to come to St. Francis Xavier Church in Kyoto

and actively to assist in dispensing aid to the poor.

Father Leo smiled shyly when I told him I thought he could have taught the late "One-Eyed Connolly," the famous "gate-crasher," a few things.

"Oh, you mean getting into these business places and shops to beg for food and contributions?" he laughed. "Maybe so! It isn't the easiest job in the world, you know.

"Last week, we got into a new village to teach doctrine. The only place available that the mayor had to offer was a Shinto shrine. I don't like such places. The very next day, lightning hit and burned it to the ground. Then room was made for us in the public hall.

"We are making progress now," he concluded. "Nevertheless, in view of the intentions and plans of international communism and the adverse political turns which could take place in Japan, we missionaries are racing against time."

FRANKIE, a Negro boy in West Virginia, was studying the prayers. "Father," he told the priest after a few days, "I'm getting along fine with the *Our Father* and *Hail Mary* but I just can't handle the *Impossible Creed*."

Small Boy and a Cannon

BY CORNELIUS CHRISTIE

■ THE FEAST of Our Lady of the Star is an added touch that our neighbors south of the Border fit into the celebration of the Feast of Epiphany. This year everybody was on hand for the affair in Peto.

Of course, no feast is a success without a procession and plenty — preferably more than plenty — of noise makers: skyrockets, salutes, and "atomic bombs" that rend the night with more stars and planets than you could throw a stick at.

I was impressed by the utter disregard for personal safety that these people have, especially the ones assigned to shoot the works. With a piece of burning punk in one hand and a skyrocket in the other, a man will blissfully send it skyward in honor of the Virgin. With this easy-to-shoot method multiplied, the people were successful in keeping the sky filled with the news that this was a fiesta.

The church in Peto is immense, but it was too small for the many who thronged into the village for the feast. It lasts about ten days, and each day was assigned to a different guild.

One evening the carpenters' guild was holding forth and trying to outdo the other guilds in fervor and display. All who could, squeezed inside the church for the Padre's

sermon and recitation of the Rosary, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. And then, into the plaza for more fireworks.

Pedro was setting off what looked like a small cannon. He actually stepped back a few feet when he thought he had the thing lighted. But it didn't go off. So down he bent and looked right into the mouth of the thing, trying to discover what was wrong. My heart was in my mouth. I'm sure now that his guardian angel moved Pedro's head to one side just in the nick of time — for the cannon exploded. Pedro, with a grin, turned to the crowd and said, "Almost!"

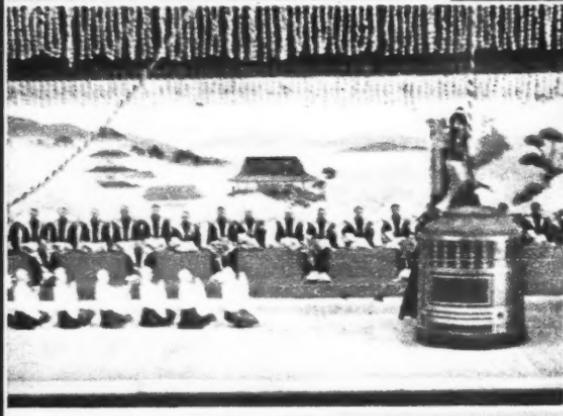
This village has come a long way in the past six years. It had previously suffered from the shortage of priests in this land. When Maryknollers first arrived, only a handful of people attended Sunday Mass. Today at least two thousand attend.

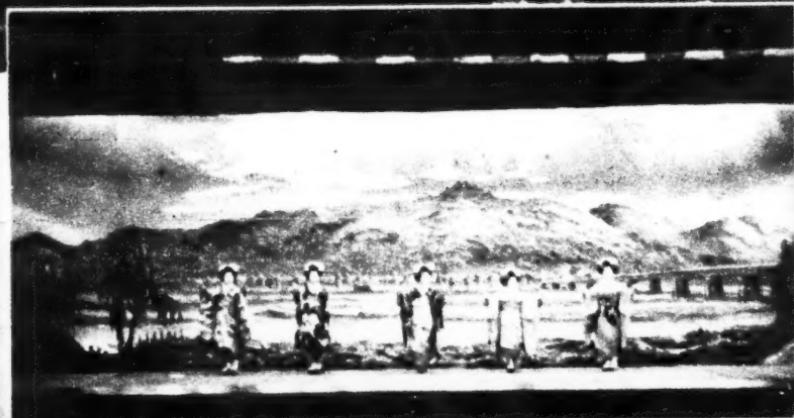
The natives love music, community prayers, and processions. They have the makings of real participants in the liturgy. They want to be in on things, and will do them with all the fervor and joy of children who are completely at home in their Father's house.



NIGHT OUT

■ AN EVENING on the town in Tokyo has many possibilities. Night baseball (right) is popular. The famous *Kabuki* dramas (below) are very appealing to the Japanese. These plays borrow liberally from the puppet theater in stage settings and costumes. *Kabuki* dramas are made up of descriptive dances and symbolic movements, blended together by the music of the orchestra and the singing of the chorus, much like the ancient Greek dramas.





EDITORIAL:

Seven League Strides

■ SUPPORTERS of the missions, grateful and appreciative souls who cherish their Faith enough to pray and work and sacrifice for its extension, who see in it the one hope of making a good world for God and men—must often feel a certain consolation in the steady, progressive spread of the Church to the far corners of the earth. And yet they must wonder sometimes at the slowness of the progress, too.

The first manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles took place a very long time ago. For nineteen and a half centuries, the hunt has been on for the lost members of the scattered human race; and for the past four and a half (since the Age of Discovery) the whole teeming family has actually been found. After that, one might surely expect that speed would be the watchword.

TO BE SURE, the remaining task was no inconsiderable one. To add wandering nations to the fold, keep their wandering feet in it once they landed there, school their wandering hearts to make good use of the

treasures they found there, could only be a long and complicated labor, and nobody ever expected it to prove otherwise. Even so, though, and making all allowances, it does seem as if a little more expedition might have been hoped for. Great means and greater efforts have been expended. The Church has promoted her big, world-girding mission work with every energy.

The missioner does not particularly consider himself the cause of the trouble. The fault, if there is one, can hardly belong on his doorstep, he feels. Could it be, then, that the people themselves are the slow and dilatory element in this equation? With the message of Christ reaching everywhere today, have they seen His star in the East and still not come to adore Him? Is the building up of the Kingdom of God to take further millenniums? What is it that makes the crucial, urgent work so slow?

Truth to tell, the people may provide at least a partial answer to the problem. They are seldom noted for their excessive speed in



This Month's Cover

Some snobbish folk think that poverty and nobility are opposites. But how explain, then, the nobility in the Chinese smile that surmounts the crushing burdens of stark poverty? Many Chinese Catholics today join the noblest members of the human race as they endure torture and death for the Faith.

MARYKNOLL

rushing to the light, domesticating themselves overnight in the household of the Faith, pushing on to the vigor of full-fledged Catholic life, completing their own herculean portion of the mission program. Such seven league strides require time, in their philosophy. So they interpose plenty of it, along with all sorts of backing and filling, before arriving at the goal.

The highly cultured races of advanced civilization, and the jungle dwellers of no civilization at all are very much alike in this particular, preferring to walk, crawl, creep, inch along, rather than to run or fly towards the beckoning heights of spiritual maturity. There is every reason for this, of course; it is entirely natural.

Seeing the star in our days takes some discernment. The divine radiance is no less evident than ever; but as the world wags on, it is surrounded with so many false lights, shoddy imitations, miserable mirages, that the people easily become bewildered and confused, fail to single out its comforting beams, can only feel their way to it as in a maze. The star once found, they are not at all slow about opening their treasures and offering their gifts. They bring the gold of their simple hearts, plus the longest litany of human needs, sorrows, ills — and a good beginning, too. But they do not bring that host of later developments that excite the occasional wonder of mission supporters by their conspicuous absence. This is another litany, and it includes such upper levels as the Catholic outlook,

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

well-ordered family life, fraternal charity. These are the items that require the centuries.

NO PEOPLE can be called quick as regards what is involved in putting on the new man and growing up to the fullness of Catholic life. The pace of the people is the factor that causes mission work to lengthen out, to take centuries instead of weeks. But those who know the long, hard, uphill road the good souls have to travel — and who knows it better than the missioner? — will be very slow to call them slow. — *Bishop James E. Walsh*

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Forty Years A-Growin'

In January, 1952, the Maryknoll Sisters celebrate the fortieth anniversary of their foundation. Mother Mary Joseph tells us how a foundress feels as she looks back.

BY MOTHER MARY JOSEPH

■ LOOKING BACK over forty years of community life, it seems quite natural to measure first our development along material lines. In our mind's eye, we see the little cottage that sheltered us at Hawthorne; and here, at Maryknoll, shabby St. Teresa's, our first convent home,

picturesque now, in its old age; and the renovated houses we occupied in succession, as the Maryknoll Fathers and Brothers moved into more ample quarters. We recollect those joyous, happy years, filled with gladness, yet knowing much of toil, trial, and sorrow.

Today, in our beautiful Motherhouse, I sit in my sun-flooded room overlooking the lovely gardens fashioned with consummate skill by a Japanese gardener in the war years. On the hilltop above, I can see Regina Coeli, our Cloister. It is Vesper time, and how pleasant it is to feel that you and I and all of us are remembered in the prayers that rise in praise of God in that holy house!

My thoughts reach out to our Sisters wherever they are: in Amer-

Every year departure groups of forty or more Maryknoll Sisters leave for foreign missions all over Christ's world.





Forty years ago this little group of determined women led by Mary Josephine Rogers (second from right, seated) made the start for the Maryknoll Sisters.

ica — North, South, and Central; in the islands of the Pacific, Hawaiians, Carolines, Marshalls, Philippines, Japan; in Ceylon, Africa, Korea and China. Suffering in Korea, imprisoned and interned in Red China, our Americans have proved their powers of endurance, their courage as missionaries. Many are already confessors of the Faith.

Today we have over 1,000 Sisters to feed, clothe, and cherish. To Bishops, priests, and Sisters, we owe no small part of this unusual growth. They have been the backbone of our work, providing us with material means, supporting it by their prayers, and directing to us the young people who came under their influence. They have made their people mission-minded and conscious of the duty to the worldwide interests of the Church.

God has indeed been good to us. He has blessed our work, and we

have gone a long way in forty years. This is only part of the picture. What has sustained us over the years? God's providence, of course, and our spirit formed by it.

Every community has a spirit peculiar to itself. People call ours the "Maryknoll spirit." I often wonder how one could define such an intangible thing, though we feel it easily.

I can hardly imagine a group more ignorant of spiritual ways than were we in the early days. We knew nothing of religious life, we were overwhelmed with work, but our souls were afire with love of God and souls.

Father Walsh—a wonder-worker indeed — somehow, under God, soon set our feet on the right way, and we began to grow. Time was allotted for prayer, work, and play.

In 1920, we were officially erected as a religious community, and

the Dominicans received us into their glorious family.

What had we gleaned from the years of waiting? Much from the advice of deeply spiritual counselors, and much from experience and, I believe, inspiration. We had and have great devotion to the Holy Spirit.

We were continually warned not to lose our American spirit — i.e., we were not to absorb traditions and customs that would hamper our freedom of spirit. We tried to remain simple and were at times misunderstood and even criticized. Poverty made us do some unconventional things. We could not, for example, afford a chauffeur — and with permission began driving into town in an old car that had been given to us. We had to weather the criticism that followed. We received visiting Sisters at our table, quite an unconventional thing, for we wished to promote kinship with all religious. In striving to make our work known, loved, and aided, we tried to be all things to all men. We wished to retain our personalities and supernaturalize our very natural selves — a most difficult

task. If our smiles were ever-ready, they were truly spontaneous, revealing the joy of the indwelling of Christ.

For five years, Sister Fidelia, a Sinsinawa Dominican, taught us to meld into our young Maryknoll life the glorious, ancient ideals of St. Dominic.

Feeling the great need of prayer in such a work as ours, we developed our Cloister; we introduced perpetual adoration, without Exposition, at our Motherhouse; and we undertook to say the Divine Office in English. Prime and Compline are recited in choir; the rest of the Hours are said privately except on great feasts; when the Office is recited chorally.

And you, dear reader, are remembered in all these offerings of praise and prayer, for to you our Maryknoll Sisters owe much. You have given us your daughters, you have prayed for us through the years, and you have contributed generously to our work.

Yes, God has been good to us. There is much pruning, weeding, plowing, and planting yet to be done in the next forty years.

For the Maryknoll Sisters Afield

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THIS IS IT!

young missioner likes
what he finds in East Africa

BY THOMAS F. GIBBONS

■ MARYKNOLL's mission field in East Africa can be pictured as a place where Tarzans dart from tree to tree in a well-knitted and well-shaded jungle. But such a picture would be incorrect. Actually, Maryknoll's mission, bordering on the shores of Lake Victoria, lies on a large plateau, where the grass grows unusually high, but where trees seldom do. The umbrella tree is the only indigenous arbor; its maximum height is twenty feet. The soil is sandy and rocky. Erosion is the major problem, and it is due to a combination of gentle slopes and heavy rains. Apples don't grow in East Africa, but the land is heaven for bananas, oranges, cotton, corn, tapioca, and sisal.

Crocodiles and lions still kill people, but the number of casualties is decreasing yearly. Zebras, hartebeests, giraffes and gazelles continue to travel in herds, although their numbers are dwindling. Snakes seem to be the only ones on the increase; the sport of snake hunting has yet to be aroused. Crocodile eggs are dug out of the lake shore mud and turned over to the civil authorities for a sizable reward.

The people among whom Maryknollers work in East Africa are mostly farmers. Although their diet is far from balanced, their supply of food is normally ample. They manage to buy clothes from the profits of their sisal and cotton crops. The wealth of the average East African is invested in cows. Cows enter the small mud huts that the Africans call home, as freely and as unmolested as do the children.

The people of East Africa are divided into tribes, each having its own language and customs. These tribes originally sprang from small families. For example, the Bakwaya,

JANUARY, 1952

a tribe of twenty thousand, are all descendants of six families. Petty quarrels for leadership stem from family spirit. Old people and lepers are not outcasts: the family spirit is too strong.

Sleeping sickness and leprosy are not uncommon. A myriad of minor ailments push up the mortality rate. Yet the average person looks healthy and may live to be seventy or eighty. The needs here in the medical line are basic ones: proper diet, cleanliness, and sanitation.

On an average, one child in ten can attend school. The lack of school facilities makes compulsory education impossible. This is a shame, for the tribes bordering on Lake Victoria are intelligent. Some are blazing new paths of intellectual endeavor. Julius Kamenge, a young man from the Nyegina mission, is studying for a doctorate in education at the University of Edinburgh. His wife is also a college graduate. According to reports from Makerewe College the students from our mission have the highest I.Q. of all the boys of East Africa. These African folk have prodigious memories and a tremendous love for knowledge. Mathematics is the only subject they find difficult.

The city of Nairobi is the intellectual center of East Africa. A small circle of educated folk live there and exert an influence throughout the surrounding region. These African leaders are European-trained and are deeply imbued with socialism and communism. At present our mission is too far removed from Nairobi to feel that influence.

Is missionary endeavor in East Africa worth while? One person in ten is already a Catholic. Some critics reason in this manner: the influence of Christianity, even where progress has been made, is superficial. The people flock for instruction, not so much because they need religion but more because they long to be identified with Europe.

However, too many facts militate against this line of reasoning. The world knows that East Africa can boast of her martyrs, and a good start has been made as far as native clergy goes. Christianity in all its ramifications is a tremendous thing to absorb; it takes centuries. East Africa has made a fine beginning.





Billy and George pulled the seminary taxi when Maryknoll was a toddler

■ THE BIG BRONZE BELL, which Father Walsh had brought back from Japan, was hanging from a beam of the seminary porch. For fully a hundred years it had summoned Buddhist pilgrims to their pagan shrine. On September 7th, 1918, it began its new role as Departure Bell. It was just growing dusk when the old bell started its solemn tolling. It was a discordant sound, far from agreeable, but all who heard it realized that it signaled the hour for our First Departure.

We crowded our small chapel. We were eighty then, dwelling at Maryknoll, and that night we had a score of friends taking part. It seemed hard to realize that within

six short years some of us had grown from boys, were ordained, and were starting out for the Far East.

Since Christmas of the year before, when word came from China that we had a mission, there had been constant speculation as to who would be in the first group. It was June before we knew. Father Price would lead the pioneers, and he would have with him Father James Edward Walsh, Father Francis Ford, and Father Bernard Meyer. By that time we had a dozen priests, so there were various conjectures until the names were definitely announced.

Father Price was like a child in his excitement, getting ready for the big event. For him it was the

FROM THE BOOK, "THE EARLY DAYS OF MARYKNOLL," PUBLISHED BY DAVID MCKAY CO. \$2.50

The Early Days of Maryknoll

Today's Superior General recalls the happy yesterdays when easy gaiety over a hard core of deep earnestness characterized the fateful Maryknoll beginnings.

BY RAYMOND A. LANE

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the

fulfilling of a dream. His long years in North Carolina, and the difficult pioneering days at Hawthorne and Maryknoll were to have a climax that would be the reward of all: he would lead a band of American missionaries to China.

He even allowed us to take his picture. Such was his excitement on that last day that he forgot his usual decorum, and I met him making a hurried trip through the upstairs hallway divested of his cassock, which he regarded as the minimum of dignified and modest attire which he so stringently insisted upon in our regard. Suspecting my thoughts, he turned to me with a broad smile: "Brother Raymond, there are times when all of us

forget, and this is one of them."

Cardinal Farley had planned to have this first Departure in St. Patrick's Cathedral, He himself would preside, and a Bishop would preach, because the occasion would be historical. But when September came the Cardinal was gravely ill, within the shadow of death. He could not even see the missionaries to lay his hands upon them in blessing. When he was told that our priests were about to leave for the East, he brightened for a moment and murmured, "Tell them that I bless them."

Though a simple ceremony, it was impressive. The words of the Canticle of Zachary, which are part of the Church's prayer for

those going on a long journey, were strikingly appropriate:

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for He hath visited and wrought the redemption of his people..."

"For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways..."

"To give knowledge of salvation to His people unto the remission of their sins..."

"To enlighten those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death..."

Father Walsh addressed the departing missioners. He referred to the importance of their work and its timeliness. He reminded them that they were the pioneers and on trial before the Catholic world — soldiers of Christ, as yet unknown, untested, and in some respects lightly esteemed, as were the soldiers of the nation before their appearance in Europe. He said that they had yet to prove that faith, humility, self-denial, and zeal were not lacking in the American priesthood.

He pointed out their duties: their own personal sanctification; their reliance on Divine Providence and the careful use of whatever money should be sent to them; their love for the crucified and patient Christ; their devotion to the Holy Ghost as the source of light and strength, to Mary Immaculate, and to their particular patrons; their loyal union with the Society that was sending them forth. He assured them of constant prayers and close interest in all their successes and trials.

There was a thrill of excitement mingled with joy and with some sorrow as the refrain of the Depart-

ture Hymn filled the chapel, the hymn that Charles Gounod had composed for the Paris Seminary: *"Go forth, farewell for life, O dearest Brothers;"*

"Proclaim afar the sweetest name of God. We meet again one day in Heaven's land of blessings;"

"Farewell, Brothers, Farewell!"

At the front steps after the ceremony, there were more good-byes, handshakes, singing and cheering by the light of camera flashes and lanterns. Two automobiles which had brought visitors from New York carried the missioners out into the night, down the highway that led to the city. By midnight, they were on their way to Baltimore.

AT BALTIMORE, Cardinal Gibbons greeted his old altar boy, Freddie Price, and sent the missioners on their way with blessings and prayers. In Washington, the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Bonzano, who had spent the first six years of his priesthood in China, recalled for them his days in the Province of Shansi.

When their train reached Cincinnati, they were met at the station and immediately whisked out into the suburbs to bless the new establishment of Father Peter E. Dietz, whose brother, Frederick, had been ordained at Maryknoll two years before and was engaged in teaching at the Venard.

Father Peter Dietz, while still a seminarian, had spent some time with Father Price in North Carolina, helping with his cornet to attract villagers to Father Price's

impromptu sermons for non-Catholics. When Father Price was starting out for China, Father Dietz had been engaged for about ten years in social work on a national scale, and he asked Father Price, when the latter was passing through Cincinnati, to bless his newly founded Academy of Christian Democracy. The aim of this Academy was to counteract the venom of socialism by inculcating and applying the true remedy for existing social evils, that is, by applying the teachings of the Papal Encyclicals, particularly the *Rerum Novarum* of Pope Leo XIII, "On the Condition of the Laboring Classes." Nurses, settlement workers and others interested in promoting the cause of social justice could look to the Academy for proper schooling and preparation.

This building, blessed by Father Price, later became the headquarters of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade, and at the present writing still serves that purpose.

ON SEPTEMBER 21ST, the group sailed from San Francisco on the *SS. Ecuador*. As the boat left the Bay and headed out across the Pacific, the little band gathered on the after deck and sang softly the "Ave Maris Stella."

There were a hundred Marines aboard, for the war was still going on. Destined to land on some disputed but undisclosed terrain, they would soon have the situation well in hand, but in the meantime they were anything but warlike. The land swell, disturbed further by a

choppy sea, was taking its toll among the passengers. Many of the Marines were moaning in their bunks, apprehensive at first lest the boat should go down and sorry the next minute that it didn't.

Storm-seasoned sailors aboard seemed to take comfort at the Marines' distress in which they could see a timely retribution for the belittling chanty:

"Ten thousand gobs

Laid down their swabs

To lick one sick Marine. . . ."

Leaning over the rail and meditating on the majesty of the tossing blue ocean must have stirred the muse in the soul of Father Francis Ford. His first letter to cross the seas to Father Walsh carried some verses on "The Pacific."

O depths of mystery,

How can you calmly sleep

And sluggish stretch your breadth

Of shining, peaceful deep

Between the East and West,

Between the Day and Night,

Between the Heathen Dark

And God's all-saving Light?

Their letters began to arrive, and we learned that in Japan the group divided. Father Walsh and Father Meyer continued on the boat to Shanghai. Father Price took Father Ford overland by train through Japan, Korea and Manchuria. When their train passed from Korea, over the bridge of the Yalu River, and stopped at Antung, they were on Chinese soil for the first time. Father Price left the car, knelt down in the railway station, and kissed the ground. This was the land of his dreams. He suggested to

Father Ford that he do the same.

As they went on their way, they understood that they were going to be watched. It was no secret that many Europeans believed that Americans would never make missionaries. One man, though treating them kindly, said he would see them at the boat a few months later to say good-bye to them on their way back to America.

We may suppose that these observers were genuinely pleased when they found they had been wrong in their estimate. After three decades and more, the three young pioneers were still in China and hard at work. Father Price died in China.

They wrote back to us about their new language. "We are still engaged in the Chinese exercises analogous to the *rosa, rosae, rosae* . . . of our early Latin days," wrote Father Meyer. "It is a poor analogy, however, because there is no declension in Chinese. There are tones galore, and so we repeat over and over — *sin, sin, sin, sin, sin* — each in a different tone.

"There are only seven hundred eighty words in Chinese, that is, words as we know them, or rather represent them by letters of the alphabet. To get the thousands that are necessary, there are nine tones in which each of the seven hundred eighty sounds may be uttered. Then there are aspirated and unaspirated

initial consonants, long vowels and short vowels, each device changing the meaning completely.

"In English we use tones for emphasis. In Chinese tones affect the meaning, so that one may not use the tone he pleases. If one uses the wrong tone, he thereby uses the wrong word and so may be misunderstood.

There is the short sharp tone, the rising tone similar to the questioning inflection in English but not at all interrogatory in Chinese, and the drawling tone, and all these in a higher or lower scale. . . ."

It did not sound easy to us. Even the description was fairly incomprehensible. Perhaps they were trying to make it look hard. We would go some day, please God, and find out all this for ourselves.

These first impressions of Chinese language study remind me of Father Patrick Byrne's description of the Korean language.

"The Korean language," said Father Byrne, "is especially designed to confer merit upon its students. In the national folklore it is told how once upon a time a certain gentleman of vigorous parts, though tongue-tied, was chased by a royal bull around the sacred tango tree, whereon was perched a shorthand artist who with great presence of mind did take down the remarks uttered on this auspicious occasion. The king, being presented with a copy, fell into a deep trance,

from which he was with difficulty awakened; whereupon he proclaimed the discovery of the long-sought national tongue."

By Christmas of that year, 1918, Father Price and his companions were finally established in their own mission at Yeungkong. He dated his letters from "The Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Yeungkong." "Such a Christmas!" he wrote, "a Christmas we never experienced or conceived of in all our lives.

"The Christians made a gala day of it, pouring in on Christmas Eve and all day during the feast, in delegations from all the villages, celebrating both the feast and our arrival in one great outpour. We had a Solemn Midnight Mass and a *Missa Cantata* at eight o'clock in the morning.

"A Chinese band, hired by the Christians, played Chinese music nearly all day while the Christians shot off loads of firecrackers. They insisted on giving us a banquet, which they were considerate enough to let our 'boy' prepare — and such chickens, and ducks, and shrimps, and meats, etc. It would be difficult to match!

"All day long these good people flowed through the church and reception room and bedrooms and office and kitchen and every nook and corner imaginable.

"Many had clubbed together, bought an ox and killed it, camping here on Christmas Eve and eating the ox with all the concomitants on the feast the next day...

"We are bottled up here, at least

in a sense. Though Canton is not very far away, about two hundred miles by boat, it takes one week to make the trip and return. We have two boats a week to Canton and none to Hongkong, which is less distant. Mails are delivered at any old time whenever the Chinese feel like it, and they don't feel like it very often... Affectionate greetings to all, T. F. Price."

As the months went by, our missionaries' letters came regularly. Meanwhile, at Maryknoll another year was passing. More land was acquired. It was the top of the hill, adjoining the farm we already had, and was to be the site of the permanent seminary. Plans were made.

The 1919 Departure Group was announced: Father Daniel McShane, Father William O'Shea, and Father Alphonse Vogel would leave for China in September.

Then we got a shock. It was on a Sunday morning, late in September. A cablegram came from Canton, signed by Bishop de Guebriant, and it said that Father Price had died of appendicitis.

For me personally it was sad news. Father Price was one of my greatest friends. He had been my spiritual director for years, and I had spent much time with him, particularly during the last weeks when he was getting ready to go to the East.

I recalled how hard he had worked to finish his life of Bernadette Soubirous, *The Lily of Mary*, and get it published before he left for the missions. We never really

knew how many hours he spent on his knees praying for us, for all Maryknollers, praying for the salvation of souls. He told us many things that have helped us all through the years, and he communicated to us some of his own loyalty to Our Lady and devotion to her Bernadette.

It must have been hard on the three young priests in China. He had gone to the East principally for their sake, that they might have an older head among them.

The details of his death came by letters. We began to realize that his year at Yeungkong had been difficult. He suffered from the climate. It was hard to adjust himself, fifty-eight years old, to new food, customs, and surroundings. His greatest trial perhaps was his inability to master the language. He was bursting with eagerness to talk to these people, to tell them about God, Our Saviour, Mary, and Bernadette. After a couple of months he began to realize that, because of his age and because of the peculiar difficulty of the Cantonese tones, this great joy would never be his.

It is told how the children would gather around him. He would take out his watch and put it to their ears, smile at them, and try in some way to convey the affection of his heart to these youngsters.

Two of his letters reached Maryknoll after the cablegram announcing his death. They were both from St. Paul's Hospital, Hongkong. "I have appendicitis and must be operated on in a few days. The doctor says there is not great danger.

Please pray for me and have all pray for me.

"We have been waiting to know who are coming this fall. It is important to know as soon as possible, and the date of their arrival at Hongkong.

"I am writing this in bed, suffering and must ask you to excuse what is wanting. Love to all. Thos. F. Price.

"P.S.—All well on the missions."

No Maryknoller was at the bedside of Father Price when he died, and none was present at the funeral. The nearest were at the mission in Yeungkong, unable to reach Hongkong on time. Father Jean Tour, of the Paris Missioners, was with him during his illness and at the moment of death. He wrote immediately to Father Walsh.

Father Price was operated on September 8th, the Nativity of Our Lady. He died September 12th, the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. On September 15th, the Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows, the Bishop of Hongkong had a Solemn Requiem for him at the Cathedral. The day before he died, he said to Father Tour: "I expect to die tomorrow, the Feast of my Heavenly Mother."

Father Tour knew with what impatient interest Father Walsh and all of us at Maryknoll would be awaiting the details of Father Price's last hours on earth. He did not disappoint us. The details as recorded in his letter gave us a picture of Father Price, dying as he had lived.

"The good Father did not feel

well yesterday. He passed a good night, but at three this morning awoke feeling unwell again. At seven he asked for the Last Rites. He was told there was no hurry, that he could wait for me, but he insisted on receiving Holy Viaticum, Extreme Unction, and the Plenary Indulgence.

"When I arrived at nine, good Father Price gave me a sweet smile and a hearty handshake. He spoke very low, but quite intelligibly. I helped the best way I could during a full hour. His hands and forehead were dead cold: had it not been for that, we would have felt no anxiety for the next day. He was very quiet and even somewhat hopeful. Still, there was no doubt but that he was sinking.

"I spoke to him of all things dear to him: of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, of Our Lady of Lourdes, of Bernadette, and he was smiling and giving assent all the while; then of dearest Father Walsh, and of all the beloved Maryknollers, Maryknoll proper, Scranton, San Francisco, Yeungkong. At each name, he lifted his eyes heavenward and prayed according to the thoughts and intentions I suggested.

"At about nine-thirty, I understood that he was sinking more rapidly. 'Dear Father Price,' I said, 'you will kindly bless your friend Father Tour, and, in his person, dearest Father Walsh and all beloved Maryknollers of Maryknoll, Scranton, San Francisco and Yeungkong, won't you?'

"Most willingly and from the depth of my heart," he replied.

"You offer now your sufferings, and even your life, for the prosperity of your beloved Society, and you pray and will ever pray that all may do the work of God in a truly apostolic spirit, don't you?"

"Most certainly." And as I bowed before him at the side of his bed, he placed his weak hand on my head and blessed me.

"I had the sad privilege of closing the eyes of your venerable friend and devoted co-operator in the great work of Maryknoll. I felt that I was representing you all.

"I can assure you that his death was in very truth the death of a just man, and even of a saint. His last words were: 'Tell Father Waish my last thoughts were for them all, and that I died in the love of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and of Maryknoll.'

Any person interested in becoming a Maryknoll missioner should write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York

1-2

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll Priest Brother

(Check one.) I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Date of birth _____

Street _____ School _____

City, Zone, State _____ Class _____

Torture Trail in Tsu

Pain, the hallmark of true glory

BY GEORGE J. HIRSCHBOECK

■ HERE AT TSU, in Japan, where we have a beautiful church and a growing community of Christians, a local Christian might well think that the Catholic Faith never caused anybody any trouble. But he has only to look at the world around him to see how incorrect such an attitude is. Across the Japan Sea, his fellow Christians in China are suffering for the Faith. In Siberia, his fellow Christians have died in exile because they refused to give up their Faith.

But the Christian in Tsu doesn't even need to look that far afield. Three hundred years ago in this very town, his ancestors shed their blood to show that they loved Jesus Christ enough to die for Him.

After Saint Francis Xavier came, in 1549, Christianity made great strides in Japan. Christian missionaries worked as far north as Tsu. We know this to be a fact because, following the time of Xavier, six of the rulers of this district were Catholics. Through the influence of these great lords, Christianity spread throughout the district. As long as Nobunaga Oda, the first Dictator of Japan, favored Christianity, the

work of spreading the Gospel met with no obstruction. However, Hideyoshi Toyotomi, in 1587, proclaimed the prohibition of the Christian religion. Later proclamations repeated the ban.

In Tsu, those proclamations were received by the head of the Tsu clan. Accordingly a placard was put up in the market place:

"The Christian religion has been prohibited. Therefore, anyone suspected of being a Christian should be reported. The rewards are as follows: To the accuser of the priest: 500 pieces of silver; to the accuser of a Brother: 300 pieces of silver; to the accuser of one who has abandoned his Faith and then repented: 300 pieces of silver; to the accuser of a Christian or his servant: 100 pieces of silver."

Groups of five men in each village were appointed, and their responsibility was to see that all Christians in their neighborhoods were captured. If a Christian was found to be in a village, without the local group knowing it, all five men would be punished.

In the year 1635, the lord of Tsu forced his people to sign a sworn

MARYKNOLL



St. Francis Xavier as he died on Sancian off China's coast exclaimed, "In thee, O Lord, have I hoped; let me never be confounded." His was the majestic cry of the Church of the ages, ever tortured and ever triumphant.

statement with the blood from their little fingers, indicating that they were not Christians. If a Christian made a false declaration he was to be punished by taking the following vow: "I must be punished by God, the Blessed Mother, and the angels of heaven. After my death, I must fall into hell and be handed over to the devils, to receive the sufferings of five-sickness-three-fever forever. While on earth, I must live as a miserable exile. Here unto, I make this vow."

In this sort of hostile atmosphere, Chobei Nakajima, a samurai and retainer of the Tsu castle was found to be a secret Christian. When this was reported, the Government tried to force Chobei and his wife to recant their Faith by torturing them. They obstinately refused to do so and were sentenced to death.

Chobei and his wife were forced to witness the beheading of their two sons. Then the parents were crucified, upside down, on what is now the site of Mie University. Several times the victims were lowered from their crosses and forced to drink hot water. Day by day their heads swelled larger until they were unable to speak. After eight days they died. Then their heads were cut off and exhibited on the bank of the river. The sight of the martyrs' heads, swollen to twice normal size, frightened all who viewed them.

In the same year, 1635, Kyuemon, another samurai of the Tsu castle, was accused of being a Christian. He and several members of his family were arrested. Kyuemon

and three of them were crucified upside down as Chobei Nakajima had been.

Kyuemon had three sons and a daughter. The daughter was the mother of a three-year-old child. All of them were punished, too. The total number of the executed came to twenty-three. Among those put to death for the Faith were boys under teen age. Those lads walked unafraid to their deaths, reciting their prayers in loud voices, and calmly received the sword strokes that severed their heads.

The spectators were so impressed with this scene that they commented: "We admire the way these Christian boys obey their parents' instructions, and the commandments of their God, until the very last moment."

Doctor Dochiku, a famous physician who lived on Nakamachi Street (the main street of Tsu), was accused of being a Christian by a man who had been an intimate friend of his. Doctor Dochiku was found guilty and executed.

In the year 1639, three samurai of the Tsu clan believed the Faith secretly, although none of the clan authorities suspected this. However, provincial officials learned it and ordered the clan to arrest the three samurai. They were punished by being crucified upside down. Records state that their heads swelled as big as gourds, and that they died after three days.

Among further arrests recorded in the annals of the Tsu clan, was Hyoemon. The entry reads as follows: "On the 18th of February,

JANUARY, 1952

1650, a letter came from the mayor of Osaka to the governor of Ise and Iga clan. In the letter it was reported that a Christian whose name was Fujiya had been accused fifteen years ago and had not been found at the time. However, it is reported that he is wandering in the town of Nabari, Iga. So arrest him soon. Accordingly, all the people of the town were thoroughly investigated, and the Christian was found. He had lived under a false name. And so General Todo Kunai dispatched his soldiers and arrested Fujiya and his son Harukata and sent them to Osaka. The man was executed in Osaka."

The above facts sum up the evidence of Christianity in the Tsu clan three hundred years ago. The records can be found in the archives of the clan. The martyrdoms and the various means used to stamp out Christianity show that there was a strong secret Christianity in Tsu three hundred years ago.

After this period, until the late nineteenth century, little is said about Christianity in the annals of the clan. In 1873 it is recorded that Tsu was visited by Pere Villion. He and other priests of the Paris Foreign Missions Society re-established Christianity in Tsu.

The early martyrs of Tsu planted the seeds of the present Christianity in Tsu. The very Faith that is in the hearts of Christians today is due to the graces that the martyrs earned. And if they were willing to die for the Faith in Tsu, surely in heaven they must be interceding to help us develop and spread the Faith in Tsu.

OF
SPECIAL
NOTE



TO BE HUNGRY, cold or sick hurts just as much in Asia or Africa as in Europe or America. When a person is hungry or cold or sick, he needs help right away. We haven't time to send out an S O S for help: we must give immediately what we have. The halt, the blind, the sick, the homeless, the hungry, the naked, in the mission field are being cared for by Maryknoll's Charity Fund. Your donation to the Charity Fund will give you a share in the works of mercy; it will make you a partner of our missionaries.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

Gold Mine in the Sky

BY ROBERT E. KEARNS

■ POTO ANANEA is only a small town, consisting of one main street and about thirty houses. The town looks out over a vast plain, whose bareness is relieved by jutting, snow-capped peaks that send a chill wind across the plain from early evening until late in the morning. The road behind the town winds around the hill and pauses at a huge mound of dirt, which is being slowly washed away. This is the open-cut gold mine to which Poto Ananea owes its existence. Even the local people find the town's elevation — 16,200 feet — uncomfortable.

This little gold-mining town is one of the stations we cover from Cuyucuyo, in the Andes Mountains of Peru. Once a year a priest visits Poto Ananea, for the celebration of the Feast of Saint James, when the population jumps from 200 to more than 1,000.

Cuyucuyo lies at just over 11,000 feet. I made the 5,000 additional feet up to Poto Ananea by truck, in the wee hours of the morning. We had Mass immediately, in the small adobe church. The gay overflow crowd was a fascinating sight: the Indian women in their red, green, and orange skirts; the men in brightly colored jackets.

Immediately after Mass, there was a procession around the church-yard, with the people taking turns carrying the statue of Saint James. Two or three drummers, accompanied by several flute players, provided the music for the Indian dance that accompanied the procession.

After a hurried breakfast of black coffee and a roll, my heavy work began. I visited the town officials, not just to say "Hello," but also to find out the addresses of the sick ones and of those who wished to get married, and to ask the officials to let all the people know that a priest was available.

The mornings were taken up with arranging marriages and visiting the sick. In the afternoons we had marriage instructions, baptisms, Vespers, and night prayers. During these annual visits to faraway spots, I feel like a general spiritual repair man.

After five days I took my leave. Giddy from the altitude, wrapped to the ears in my poncho, I looked through the driving snow at the fast-disappearing town. The lights glistened like the gold in the hearts of these people who work a gold mine in the sky.

MARYKNOLL

THIS ROOM HAS BEEN
DONATED BY
DANIEL BUTLER
IN MEMORY OF
MR. & MRS. EDMUND BUTLER

A room in a Maryknoll seminary is a fitting memorial. A plaque on the door reminds the priest or the student occupant to pray daily for your relative or friend. Offering, \$500.

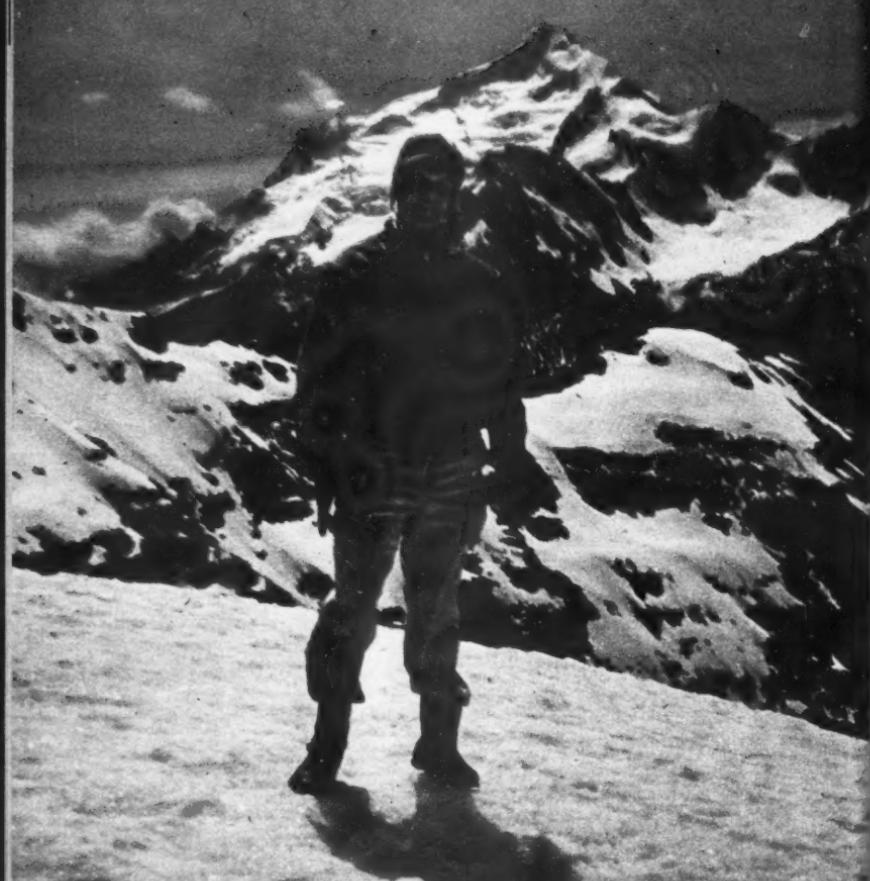
The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York
Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$ _____ toward the five hundred dollars
needed for a memorial room in a Maryknoll seminary.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *Zone* _____ *State* _____



Andean grandeur forms the backdrop for the missionary among the cloud people. His daily work includes many long, lonely mountain journeys.



All eyes are on Roberto, a mountain catechist, as he repairs a rosary

The Cloud People

■ MOST OF SOUTH AMERICA's cloud people live as high up in the air as Colorado's Pike's Peak, over two and a half miles above the sea. This means that either they are rugged or they die. In Bolivia and Peru, the land of the cloud people is the world of Quechuan and Aymaran Indians. Though Christian for centuries, they are still unable to provide their own priests. Maryknollers aid in the efforts to give them their schooling.

COLOR PHOTOS BY ROBERT FRANSEN





Most of the roads in the Andes are built for mules and other Andean pack animals. These, though hardy, carry little more than can a strong man.



The one small room of this hut is extremely cold; sunlight, which is always gone by midafternoon, never penetrates its windowless domain.



Besides food, in the market
is gossip and companionship.



Father John McCabe of
Everett, Mass., greets a
wizened old veteran after
many a mountain storm.

Ramona the Mourner

■ ANYONE who lives on the other side of the tracks in Chillan, the earthquake-ruined city of Chile, knows Ramona. She's the professional mourner for some four thousand people. I never thought much of that profession until, as her pastor, I met Ramona. She's a unique lassie — one of God's unsung heroines, and certainly one of the pastor's best right arms.

A look at her wouldn't lead anyone to believe anything extraordinary about her. She's about forty years young and is as poor as the proverbial church mouse. But she has the soul of an angel.

All the people of Zanartu (the name given to the section on the other side of the tracks) know her, and she knows them. She has been praying the Rosary over their dead for some twenty years now. She starts about nine at night and continues until the next morning. For this she gets twenty pesos a night — about twenty cents.

The extraordinary thing about Ramona is that she is really a sincere prayer. In spite of the thousands of *Hail Marys* she says night after night, each one is really a plea to Mary to intercede for the soul of the deceased. Moreover, she never takes anything to eat or drink



BY JAMES A. SHERIDAN

after midnight, so she can receive Communion for the soul of the deceased the next morning.

And how is Ramona the pastor's right arm? Well, she always knows ahead of time who is dying. After all, that's her business: to look ahead. She comes

around and lets her pastor know, so that he can go over and try to give the sacraments to the dying person. During her work, she gets information about who's married and who's not, and informs the pastor. She is godmother of an incredible number of babies who probably wouldn't have been baptized had not she insisted. She convinces young mothers that they ought to come to the *Madres Cristianas* meetings; she comes, too, in order to baby sit for the mothers while they are having their meeting. I'm convinced that she does everything out of a great love for God and His Church.

So you see, being a professional mourner has its points. I wish we had about ten of them, one for each section of this large parish. I'm sure that Ramona experiences the words of Christ: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Her comfort is in seeing people live and die in grace.

Letters OF THE MONTH

**"I put a piece of my heart in every note
that I send to my dear Maryknoll."**

The Invisible Parade

* I had been a Catholic in my youth, but during my 'teens I became careless, drifted away from the Church.

One night I found a copy of the Maryknoll magazine beside my bed. I rifled through the pages indifferently at first and then I gradually became conscious of what the magazine was about. I saw a variety of healthy and intelligent-looking young men traveling about the far parts of the earth bringing charity, the Mass and the teachings of Christ. I suddenly realized that the vague and unformulated strivings of mankind for a united and peaceful world were a practical actuality to these men and many of those whom they contacted. It gave me a peculiar feeling of having been standing still all these years while the invisible parade, of which I should have been a part, had been marching patiently and undeviatingly toward its goal.

It was shortly after this discovery that my wife suggested our returning to the Church, and such was my eagerness to do so that I tried to beat her to its door.

R.L.C.

California

The Bombardment

Your records will probably indicate that my son, Joe, age 5, has been a subscriber to your magazine since he was just an infant. Every time the Maryknoll magazine arrives, Joe is in his glory because, like all children, he loves to receive mail. He goes through the magazine from cover to cover and literally bombards my wife with questions about the different pictures. In the evening it is my turn, and I have to explain every picture to Joe all over again.

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He tells me that he's going to be a missionary when he grows up. Who knows, maybe your little magazine has planted the seed of a vocation in our son.

ROBERT HAGLAGE

Kentucky

The Substitute

Father Gilbert called on me one day, and I remarked, "Now, out of five boys, Father, why couldn't I have had a priest?"

"Well," said he, "why can't you do the next best thing — adopt a missioner for so many days a month?"

So for the priest God never blessed me with and in memory of the young flyer who never came back, I am "adopting" one of God's sons. And along with all our beloved hero dead, remember my son. He had his crucifix near his navigator desk. It has been our deepest consolation, knowing that when his blazing plane fell to earth, Christ was close by. As he said in his last letter, "Don't ever worry about me, Mom, for I'm a Catholic and I believe in all the crucifix represents."

MRS. J. D.

Massachusetts

Tremendously

I am eighteen and just graduated from High School. When I was in second year high, I had a section of my left lung removed. This summer I was scheduled to have my right lung operated on. Although the doctors said it was necessary, I continued to pray. One Sunday at church, a Maryknoll priest gave the sermon. He mentioned the lady who contributed the dollar when she was almost penniless.

MARYKNOLL

Well, Father, I was fresh out of school without a job and with an operation coming. I signed the card saying I would contribute a dollar a month. Since then I have had my prayers answered. My doctor tells me I won't have to have the operation. I now have a job. My health has improved tremendously.

My promise definitely helped. I thought perhaps you might be interested to know how God has been so good to me.

J. D. S.

California

Lucky!

The February issue of the Maryknoll magazine just reached me through devious mail channels.

On this overcast, gloomy Sunday in Korea, with the sound of artillery fire in the distance, I have been reading your magazine and thinking just how lucky I am to be a Catholic. More than ever I appreciate the momentous task facing your priests in the Far East.

Enclosed find \$10 to use as you see fit in your fight over here.

L.T. R. H.

Korea

G.I. Round Table

One night, not long ago, I was sitting in a GI service club and was engaged in conversation with my fellow soldiers concerning the wonderful work being done by missionaries the world over. We all agreed that if they (missionaries) were given an opportunity in China, Russia, etc., the world would be in an entirely different state today.

A few fellows made it clear that it was often the lack of funds that defeated the missionary before he started. As a result, a few fellows suggested a general collection of one dollar from each soldier at the table. These soldiers were of all faiths and very gladly consented to contribute.

The personnel are all members of the 7774 Signal Battalion, here in Heidelberg, Germany; an organization of which I am a proud member. The enclosed amount, even though it is not a stagger-

ing figure, will at least indicate that you have a "cheering section" on this side of the world, who are praying for you.

SGT. P. J. C.

Germany

A Call for Bandits

I am in the fourth grade. I am not a very staunch supporter but I would like to do my bit in helping the missions. Please find enclosed \$1 for a pair of boy's overalls for the mission in Chile.

I like your magazine very much. I especially liked a story called, "Bandits at Breakfast." I love that kind of stories.

PAUL GLEESON

New York

No Better Hands

Being a seaman I do not have much chance to attend church regularly, but do recognize the wonderful work you are doing. I meet occasionally some of your men on the ships and earnestly pray that success may come to your efforts.

It is inspiring to some of us who are in the world that some are so blessed by Him as to carry forward His works. I enclose a mite to go toward your charities; I can think of no better hands to put it in.

J. I.

New York

Bread Upon Water

Please accept my sincere thanks for your kind gift of *The Maryknoll Story*. Due to the illness of one of my daughters, I have not acknowledged receipt sooner. The child is fine now.

Three years ago when I found it necessary to go to work to support myself and my two girls, a Maryknoll Father spoke at St. Augustine's in Oakland about your work and how you could support a missionary for \$1 a day. I am afraid my support has been inspired by somewhat selfish motives, bread cast upon the waters as it were. I felt then and still feel that if I can feed a missionary for a few days, the children and I will never want.

M. E. D.

California



MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

The Wine and Hosts used by a priest saying daily Mass for a year, in any of our seminaries, cost \$24.65. If you wish, you may donate the wine and hosts for the Holy Sacrifice for one year.

Heal the Sick. You may not be a doctor, but you can obey this command if you will furnish funds for essential medicines, to be used at the Maryknoll hospital in Bolivia. \$25 will provide a good supply.

"There Isn't Any More." Tragic words for a Maryknoll missioner to have to say to lines of patient, helpless Koreans holding out their rice bowls. If you could see those people as our soldiers and missioners do, you would gladly make a sacrifice to supply their food. Can you give \$1 or \$10? Any sum will help.

Gas 52 Cents a Gallon. In Africa there are precious souls who do not have Sunday Mass. Monsignor Grondin can reach them on his motorcycle, but gasoline is precious. He can travel only as far and as often as his fuel permits. To pay for this missioner's journeying, would give you a share in his conversions.

Dis-discovered. At Talca, Chile, fifty youngsters are cold for lack of blankets—which could be bought for \$2 each, locally. If you have ever been chilly, will you spare \$2? Or perhaps you'd care to donate \$50 for the school's firewood.

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Fire at Night destroyed the small orphanage in Riberalta, Bolivia. Eighteen Indian boys called it their home. For only five hundred dollars a new orphanage can be built.

To Give Away — 200 rosaries, at 15¢ each. These, placed in the hands of new converts, will be very helpful to them. May we have \$30 to buy rosaries for people in Korea?

Not a Red schoolhouse, but one with a palm-leaf roof, can be built in the Beni, Bolivia, for 150 pupils. Price, \$500. Interested? Two such schools are requested.

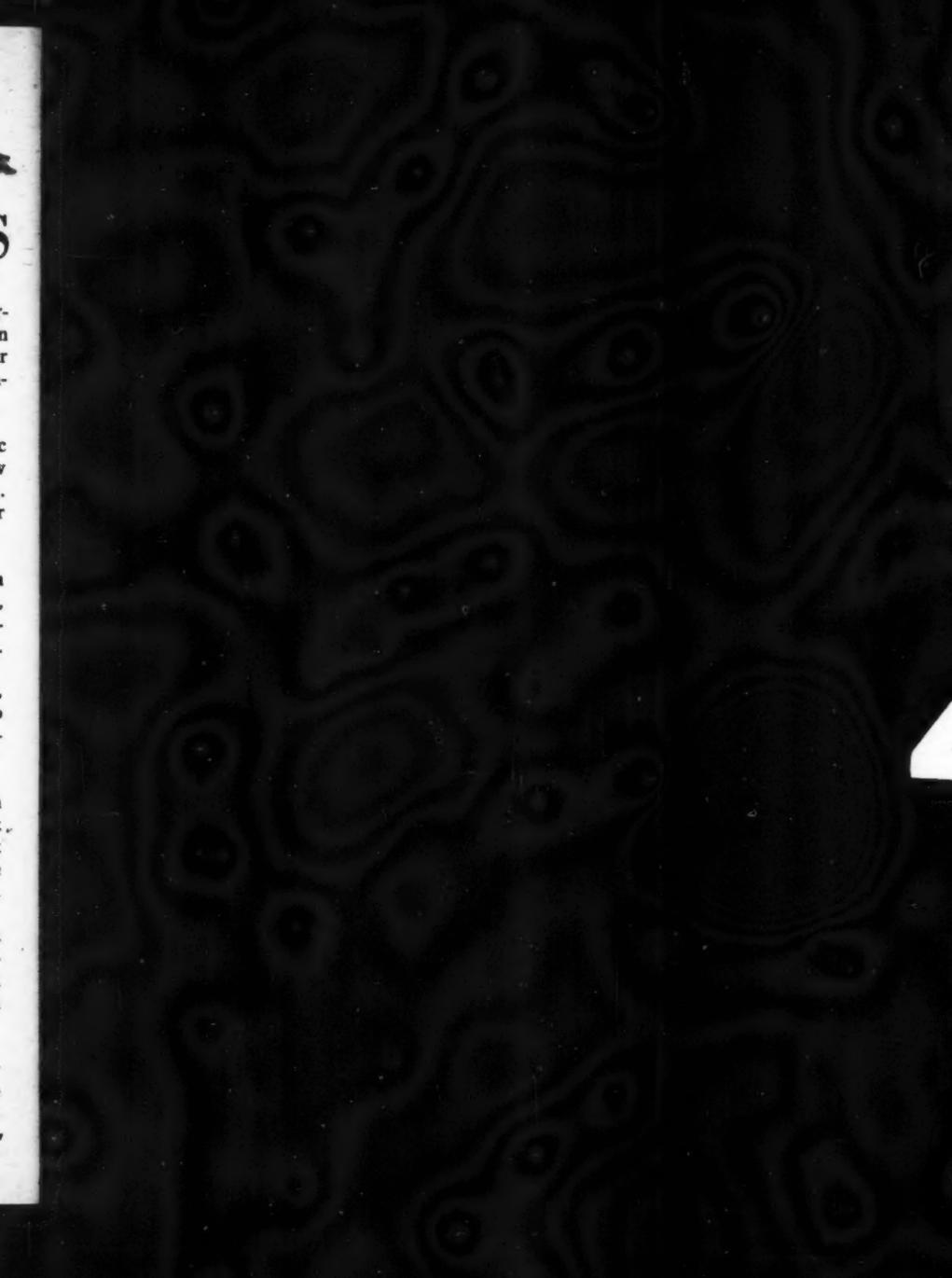
All Koreans suffer from scarcity of food, but Korean children suffer most. Help us lessen their misery. Five dollars supports one child for a month.

How Can They Learn the catechism without a catechism? It is possible, but difficult. In Japan our missioners want your help to make learning easy for the children. \$5 will purchase 100 catechisms.

A Harp Without Strings is useless; but a gift without strings is extremely welcome, for it can be used to meet general needs. The Maryknoll Charity Fund needs gifts: \$1—\$5—\$10.

10 Crucifixes for school and rectory walls are needed in Chile. They can be had at \$6 each.









A New Year Suggestion

IN MARYKNOLL SEMINARIES in the United States, hundreds of young men are training for mission work in China, Korea, Japan, Africa, Mexico, Guatemala, Peru, Bolivia, Chile and the Hawaiian Islands.

They depend in large measure on good people like yourself. We are looking for benefactors who wish to have a share in training to be priests those young men who lack sufficient funds to pay the cost of their training. No worthy candidate is ever refused. The charity may appeal to you and your friends.

The young man whom you "back" will represent you and Our Lord on the mission field, by preaching, teaching, baptizing; by feeding the hungry, by giving comfort to those in need. You will share in his Masses, his prayers, his work, his reward.

It costs about \$500 a year to educate and train each student. You may wish to support a student for a full year or for part of the year. Any offering large or small will assist a young man on his path to the altar—and the missions.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

People are Interesting!

Mama Peron and
the Big Snake



1. Mama Peron and her son Patricio followed a path in the Bolivian jungle to Sunday Mass.



2. As they crossed a log over a stream a giant anaconda caught Patricio in its enormous jaws.



3. Forgetting her own safety, Mama Peron attacked the snake with her machete.



4. Though much stronger, the surprised snake opened its jaws. Mama Peron saved Patricio.



5. At the mission, Mama Peron told Father Hahn of the snake. He took a gun and went after it.



6. The huge 21-foot snake was able to swallow a whole man. "Mama Peron is a brave woman," said Padre Hahn.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

